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A REVIEW of Dr. Brownson's *Lecture on the "Popular Objections" to the Roman Catholic Church, delivered in Louisville, Ky., February 3rd, 1858.*

MR. EDITOR: Having in our first number cleared the rubbish and weeds from before the door of the Roman Catholic Church—"The Church!" we have a better stand point now, with Orestes for our Cicerone, to have pointed out to us the formidable objections to it, which he labors so strenuously to remove. It was a Herculean task, that lecture; and right boldly did he apply himself to his work, which proved in the end to be, as you will see, a total failure.

Having consumed a portion of his time in answering the article, to which we have already referred, he commenced his answer to the "popular objections" to his Church, by arranging them under the four following heads:

1st. That it degrades and debases human nature.

2d. It fosters superstition.

3d. It destroys individuality.

4th. It is fatal to civilization.

"In the consideration of any subject," he said, "it is necessary that the words or terms used, whether in a literal or technical sense, should be well understood." Very well. "In the first objection named the words 'degrade' and 'debase' are important terms." So they are. "It has been urged that Catholicity" (just see how subtly he slips in the word "Catholicity" with his own signification attached to it, and applying it incorrectly; when, there is no such urging as he would induce one to believe, that is, that Catholicity "tends to degrade human nature." He uses the term Catholicity in the sense that it is the same religion which emanates from the Roman Church of the present day, that "tends to degrade human nature," which, however, as we have seen, and as will be still farther shown, has no substantial claims to being the religion of primitive periods, as it is neither *Apostolic* nor *Catholic*; but, according to Genebrard, was "for nearly one hundred and fifty years, from John VIII to Leo IX, about fifty Popes desisted wholly the virtues of their predecessors, being Apostate rather than Apostolic." Have they been any better in these modern times? The Doctor goes on then to define: "By degrade, is understood to make or reduce to a lower grade, to deprive of some part; to degrade human nature would be to suppress or take away from human beings some of their faculties or powers." The term "debase" means to make less pure, and when considered as applied to human nature, it means the corruption of the mental and moral powers." Now, sir, as exemplifying his own definitions, let us see how far his Church is amenable to the popular charges. It is a conceded thing that there is no institution in the world that knows better than this far-seeing, far-reaching Church, that "knowledge is power." Wherever the struggle has occurred between light and darkness. She has uniformly, for ages past, arrayed herself upon the side of the latter power. Light loves the truth, as she

"Leading star in virtue's train," whilst darkness courts imposture, imbecility, and error. That "ignorance is the mother of devotion," has been one of her aphorisms, while, to the minds of the masses, may have something plausible and inviting in it, but to those who would come near unto Christ with the desire to be his true ministers, must ever be objectionable and repulsive.

Let us examine some of the manifold workings of the Roman system. Look for instance at the deplorable effects of the "greater excommunication" upon the minds of the poor illiterate Irish. No one dare encounter the frowns and denunciations of the priest, by rendering the least assistance to the unfortunate wretch who should invoke upon himself the awful curses of these meek and loving ministers of Holy Mother Church. Let a child be sent to an industrial school, or a poor man be found with his Irish Bible in hand, and see with what frightful imprecations the Church will resound, if it do not re-echo with the twang of the horse-whip or cudgel. And what is all this for? Merely from the hatred of the very book which he have recourse to to prove that Peter is the "Rock of Salvation;" to prove the miracle of transubstantiation; the sweets of a "good confession;" the joy of absolution, and the many other absurd and ridiculous doctrines which have been concocted in the Romish laboratory, by the "Mother of harlots." And why this hatred? Because that book, say they, "is obscure and calculated to mislead the people," whom they would, nevertheless, satiate with the jargon of the Breviary, or with the fantasy of the Lives of the Saints.

In a speech before the Irish General Assembly, in 1847, it was stated that an Irish curate had "declared from the altar that Mr. Branighan was not a human being, but 'one of the fallen angels,' who had assumed the appearance of a man, and threatened that unless the people removed their children from the mission schools he would turn one half of them 'into hares and the other into hounds, and then assume the country gentlemen with a first-rate hunt.' And it is said that so intense were the fears of the poor ignorant people, lest this new sort of 'transubstantiation' should actually occur, that they were only pacified and induced to continue their children at the schools by Mr. B.'s promising that if the 'priest turned them into hares and hounds, he would restore them to the human form.' Not content with keeping the people poor and ignorant, the priest would threaten them with a miracle, which would degrade—"make or reduce," according to the Doctor's definition, "to a lower grade"—turn them into hares and hounds—"to deprive of some part; to degrade human nature; to suppress or take away from human beings some of their faculties or powers."

Is not this case a fit illustration of the definition which the learned Doctor gives of the words "degrade and debase?" It may be answered that the priest was not serious, or that he may stand alone, as being inhuman, on the Irish calendar. But these ignorant people are brought up in the firm belief of the miraculous power of the priest. We have only to remind you of the efforts of Bishop Kenrick to instill into the minds of our people (by a book written on the subject) the belief as to the aerial migrations of the Holy House of Loretto; or, that France has its Rose Tarnisien, and Italy its winking Virgin and the blood of St. Januarius, to convince you that the priests of "old Ireland" would not be distanced in a steeple chase after some stupendous miracle which would immortalize the professor or contriver. We might go on citing many other instances in exemplification of the definitions of the learned Doctor, but those adduced are quite sufficient to show you to what prostration the priest must have reduced the people's minds, before they could believe and tolerate such shameful and abominable imposture. But, just in proportion as Rome has prevailed in this unfortunate country, so has ignorance, superstition and folly pervaded and darkened every parish and county. Let us now exemplify the definition of "debase," which has been so kindly furnished, as in the language of the lecturer, "words or terms used, whether in a literal or technical sense, should be well defined and understood." Illustration, now, will assist materially in the perfect understanding of the word "debase."

That the Roman Catholic Church corrupts the conscience of her votaries, is matter of too much notoriety to detain us long in the proof. In her doctrine of *venial* sins, in the many facilities furnished by the confessional, whereby the transgressor may expiate his sins; in the readiness of indulgences, wherein he may commit the most atrocious crimes, are matters that have brought on an indelible stain upon the history of the "Mother of Churches." According to the declaration or decision of Pope Sixtus, simony, real or complete, is punished with excommunication, suspension, and interdict; and yet, behold by what a monster-like link of simony the priests and prelates of the infallible Church hold, and conspire to uphold themselves, in the face of this "declaration," affecting the vows of poverty, not only in competency, but in affluence; and this, by selling the gifts of the Holy Ghost to all who either voluntarily or are compelled to purchase such gifts. For what is the money exacted for masses, christenings, marriages, deaths, burials, dispensations and indulgences, but so many charges on their votaries for those spiritual gifts of which our Redeemer speaks, when he says: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

The moment you enter the threshold of any Roman Catholic chapel in Ireland or in England, you are met by a man who makes you pay before you go in just as you would have to pay to go into a theatre, or you would be deprived of the pleasure of seeing the sacred performance. Now what is simony? Definitions we are reminded are all important to the correct understanding of any subject, and we give them with pleasure, as it is our desire that people should inquire freely and be thoroughly informed. "Definitur a S. Tho. cum appro. Ecclesio—studiosa voluntas emendi vel vendendi aliquid spirituale, vel spirituale annexum, pro temporale."—"Simony is the deliberate will of buying or selling anything spiritual, or annexed to spiritual, for something temporal;" or, in plainer words, it is exacting, demanding, or even taking money or anything temporal for the spiritual given or promised to be given, such as masses, benedictions, processions, scapulars, cords, medals, crosses, rosaries, and other like articles which you can always purchase within the *parlous* of the church, even whilst the mysteries are being enacted within. Let not, sir, the priestly pretext and sophistical distinction be admitted, that it is not the *spiritual* but the *temporal* which is purchased; for when is the temporal in the masses, processions, benedictions, indulgences, &c., &c.? And what value is scapulars of any color, in crosses, cords, medals, &c., &c., but for the imaginary "spirituality" of them in the eyes of votaries, which, therefore, are plainly sold and purchased? And this, forsooth, is *The Church!*—the shamefully simoniacal Church—the Church of avarice and intolerance—the Church of the *gold and silver* age, that claims apostolic connection with that poor, pure, lovely, powerful Church of Christ, of which Peter gave an indisputable proof when he said to the man, "I came from his mother's womb," "silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee: in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." A miracle and its history very unlike that of Rimini.

Now, if this is a true picture of the *Mother*, what must that of her offspring be? "Like people like priest," says the old adage. Let the drunkenness and profanity, together with the disregard of truth—if not the flat and open lie, you have it masked beneath a trick or a quibble, designed that, in case of detection, a plausible outlet might be afforded—let the repeated riots in Ireland, and the brigand exploits in the mountain passes of Spain and Italy, or on the plains of Mexico, answer the appeal. Do not all the other into hounds, and then assume the country gentlemen with a first-rate hunt." And it is said that so intense were the fears of the poor ignorant people, lest this new sort of "transubstantiation" should actually occur, that they were only pacified and induced to continue their children at the schools by Mr. B.'s promising that if the "priest turned them into hares and hounds, he would restore them to the human form." Not content with keeping the people poor and ignorant, the priest would threaten them with a miracle, which would degrade—"make or reduce," according to the Doctor's definition, "to a lower grade"—turn them into hares and hounds—"to deprive of some part; to degrade human nature; to suppress or take away from human beings some of their faculties or powers."

mably valuable in a world like ours, softening its asperities, refining its grossness, sweetening its bitterness, and alleviating its woes. And these she exerts everywhere—as a child in the nursery, as a sister in the family, as a daughter by her parents' side, in the hallowed affections of a wife, and in the exquisite tenderness of a mother. O, it were demon wickedness to mar and blight such merciful arrangement as this! No wonder the arch fiend has always aimed to destroy woman first as the surest means of destroying man; you see it in the first temptation, in the history of the flood, and all over the world. Wherever Satan reigns there woman is *debased*, (our italics). "She is the Mahomedan's toy, the Hindoo's captive, the African's beast of burden, and the prostitute of all. And if you would see the satanic skill and iniquity of this, you need only to contrast the Christian mother with the heathen, or the Monicas with the Agrippinas of mankind; the one giving the world an Augustine, the other a Nero, and each the source of a stream of moral influence, of which the one proved a river of life, and the other a desolating flood."

"In Popery he has pursued the same policy, but with a profounder subtlety. First, by his various contrivances for discountenancing marriage—such as its entire system of nunneries—he seeks to prostrate the designs of woman's existence; to rob mankind of her precious influences, and reduce herself to a social nonentity, buried alive in gloomy cloisters, with nothing but the ghost and shadow of womanhood remaining. And thither that hapless creature is consigned; to wage, as best she can, perpetual war with all the feelings and adaptations of her own nature; by this dark contrivance transformed at once from being the fairest creation of God, to be a pitiable anomaly on earth, unable to be angel, yet not permitted to be a woman, and thus doomed to virtual suicide."

With the above apposite quotation, we conclude our remarks upon the word "debase." It must be quite evident to every intelligent thinking reader, that the illustrations adduced are convincing and satisfactory. Were it necessary, further citation might be readily made from a host of authors, whose learning and opportunity for correct observation are unquestioned; because their testimony is in perfect harmony, and is itself corroborated by the universal experience of travelers.

A. T. C.

Louisville, Feb. 23, 1858.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.  
Inconsistency—Fashion.

Our Savior says, "First cast the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye"; or, if we would reprove a brother or sister, by precept, be sure to reprove them by our own example. Do right first yourself, and then call upon others to do likewise. Reproof by precept is not worth anything, unless we show by our own example that we keep that precept ourselves. The world will look at our examples.

But if we are not careful we shall fill our sheet and fail to say what we set out to say. The preachers and Church generally should lift their voices against the follies of fashion everywhere, in high places as well as low places; because it is opposed to the spirit of the gospel. The word of God is plain upon the subject: see Isaiah iii, 1 Tim. ii, 1 Peter iii.

Every devoted servant of Christ must be grieved to see the manner in which not only the world but Church members expend money for rings, earbells, ribbons, and artificials, in place of using it for the more noble purpose of feeding and clothing the poor and sending the gospel to the destitute; and we are ready to say with one of our correspondents, "It is enough to make a sensible person blush to see the ridiculous extremes into which the abominable phantom, fashion, leads the people of the present age; to witness the criminal waste that is made of God's own property, given them for the benefit of their race, in decking their vain, perishing bodies in the tinsels and dangling gew-gaws of the times, while thousands are perishing, now and for ever, for the want of temporal and spiritual food." But we have had "line upon line, precept upon precept," and still we see those professing godliness bowed to the shrine of fashion. What's the matter? The whole secret of the thing lies in this: we fail to do ourselves. Look at that preacher crying out against "gew-gaws," and see his fine watch-fob, or see his daughters or wife, and it may be both, with their gaudy ribbons and artificials, and often costly earbells and fingerings. With all this before the eyes of the world, they don't believe that he is in good earnest. He can't be, or he would throw off the dangling chain himself, and strip his wife and daughters of their "tinkling ornaments."

Brethren, let us look at the thing, and be sure to point the "good old way" by our example. Let us show to the world that the Lord is *our* portion. Let us preach by example as *long and loud* as we do by word, and then we shall see a reformation, and not before.

It is inconsistent for us to preach or write against anything, while we practice it ourselves. It is inconsistent to say anything against the fashions of the day and follow them with a will ourselves. Do you preach and write against jewelry and frippery, lay them off yourself, and see that your family does the same, and then your preaching will tell upon the world. O for a revival of "pure and undefiled religion!"

C. R. RICE.

TCUMSECH, K. T., March 16, 1858.

CONVERSIONS AND PERVERSIONS.—A Berlin journal states that in the course of the past year seven hundred Romanists were received as members of the Evangelical (or Established Protestant) Church of Silesia, while during the same period only eighty Protestants passed from Protestantism to the Romish Church.

In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Dancing.

About this species of amusement there has been a great deal said—some for it and some against it. Some calling an innocent amusement, and others a sinful one. Some even suppose it enhances good manners and true politeness; and others think that the manners and customs of a ball room are adapted to the ball room and nowhere else. Some think a *gentle ball* a very innocent thing, and such as young ladies and gentlemen should attend; others think that to make one very nice it should be moved beyond the reach and influence of John Alcohol, with which dancing has been so closely allied in this part of the country. Some think it contrary to Scripture, and others think it is rather supported by Scripture. Well, truly, there is no accounting for the variety of opinions. All have a right to think for themselves. We all wish to enjoy that liberty, and should not therefore deprive others from using the same. If one be in error we should endeavor to persuade not force him into a different course. We are all liable to err, and ~~some~~ think the more of him who endeavors to set us right.

But, after all, is dancing morally right? I answer in the negative. It is either morally right, or it is not. There is no middle ground to occupy, for Christ himself emphatically says, "Ife that is not for me is against me." "He that gathereth not scattereth abroad." Then, if the practice be morally right, all moral persons—ministers and all—may engage in it with all their heart. But a majority of the wicked would be almost shocked at such a spectacle. They can stand to have a few young *converts* and *lukewarm professors* among them, and even exult over such conquests, but to see the whole mass of professors and preachers mingling together in a ball room would be too much for one scene. But Paul says, "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." How would those who admit dancing feel to see a minister attending, opening and closing a ball with prayer? Would they not wish to have the parson conducted away to other scenes. To them he would be a nuisance, and his absence more agreeable than his presence.

We should ask God's blessing upon all we do, and if we do not feel a freedom to do so we should not engage in it. The salvation of the soul is worth more than all the kingdoms of this world. There is one enchantment about dancing which allures hundreds and thousands, and that is the music. They say what harm can there be in a tune? I answer none, abstractly considered. But are not all tunes connected with some kind of words? and are not all words signs of ideas? Does not the mind, in a majority of instances, hold communion with those ideas, whether good or bad? What affects the mind of the truly pious so much on hearing the story of the ross sung? Is it the music abstractly considered? Or is it the music directing the mind to those great theological truths? Surely not the former but the latter in a majority of cases. Music has a power of enchantment when well performed. By association it carries the mind in a dancing circle away from God, and drives genuine religion from the soul. I have never yet known of a person, whose soul was warm with the influences of the Holy Spirit, willingly go into a ball. There will be a drawing back in the mind; conscience will warn in proportion to its liberty. But in order that it dictate right it must be correctly informed. Paul persecuted the Church, and very believed he was doing God's service. The Hindoos worship idols for conscience sake, perhaps. If we wish to have our conscience set right, we should read the Scriptures carefully and prayerfully every day. Search them for in them ye may find the way to eternal life.

But some say, young folks must have amusement. And the Bible says there is a time for all things—a time to dance. Now let us examine the passage referred. You will find it in Ecclesiastes, iii. 1—8. From these eight verses may be learned two important truths. 1. God governs the world by his providence, and has determined certain operations to particular times, and if we do not act accordingly we sin against his providence and become the authors of our own distresses. 2. God has given time to man, the space in which all the operations of nature, of animals and intellectual beings, are performed; but while nature is steady in its course, and animals faithful to their instincts, man devotes it to a variety of purposes, but very frequently to that for which God never time, space, or opportunity. And all we can say, when an evil deed is done, is, there was a time in which it was done, though God never made it for that purpose. How can we view it otherwise, when in the third verse it is said, "There is a time to kill?" Now it seems to me that we can as easily prove the legality of killing from this as we can the morality of dancing from the fourth verse which reads as follows: "A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance." But if there should be a time in which persons should engage in dancing, surely it should not be while the dark pall of mourning is spread out over us from the sundering of parental, filial, or fraternal ties. We should be careful and not let the dance crowd too close in the walks of sorrow. When God in his mysterious providence removes a kind friend, it is or should be a warning to us to make ready for this final summons. How often is it the case that the loved ones are scarcely gone, before those whose hearts have been riven by death's ruthless hand rush into the giddy dance to drown their sorrow if they have experienced real sorrow. Poor souls! Better go to Him who is able to comfort and heal all the wounds. There is a time to mourn.

"When private griefs afflict  
The heart, our tears with decent sorrow flow;  
Nor less becoming, when the public mourns,  
To vent the deepest sighs."

Do not suppose I would have a person always melancholy—far from it. I believe in cheerfulness for health and happiness.

"When things a smiling aspect bear, our souls  
May well exult; 'tis then a time for joy."

But when we are compelled to follow our relatives or friends to the tomb, we should at least avoid those places which have rather an immoral tendency. Could our friends come back to earth and find us engaged in the world's enticing scenes so soon after their leave, they would have some reason to doubt the sincerity of our tears. Too quick are they dried up and the cause of them forgotten.

Again: There are those who undertake the justly themselves on the grounds of the comparative innocence of dancing. "Many persons do a great deal worse than to dance." That is very true: but that is no just reason for dancing. There is too much Pharisaism in that excuse for the light of the nineteenth century. At the judgment bar such excuses will avail nothing. Men and women may dance after the fashion of the present day, but I contend they cannot dance and serve God successfully at the same time. It must be immoral in the tendency from the association if nothing else. I would, therefore, advise all persons who are endeavoring to serve God, to keep away from all balls and plays of every kind. Turn your back upon them! Go not near them! Enter not into temptation! Turn your face toward mount Zion! Glory in nothing save the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!

J. M. HARDY.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Studio.

MR. EDITOR: The unkindly insinuations and learned criticisms which we have recently and publicly received demand a response. Silence on our part would be tantamount to giving up the question. This we are unwilling to do until sufficient evidence is produced for our conviction of error. The evidence is yet wanting. Mere assertion is not proof—it will not be taken as such in this case. "Expected at the time both would sooner or later get rapped, and so they say." I perceive we have been rapped at; but, sir, they are miss-licks without exception. That the workshop of a sculptor, or of a painter, is a studio, is conceded. Does it follow that nothing else is a studio? that, because these are so denominated, no other building or room shall be called by this name? Strange logic, but preached recently nevertheless.

We maintain that a preacher's library room is also a studio—it is his workshop. Proof: Every preacher is both a sculptor and painter. His work is in stone—the stony hearts of men. Upon these, through the medium of the mind, he uses the chisels of instrumentality, until through the efficiency of Divine grace, attending his labors, these hearts are renewed—changed from the "image of the earthly to the image of the heavenly." And while he paints the glories of heaven in contrast with the terrors of hell, from his trembling, spell-bound audience go up alike in praise to God the mingled cries of the convicted and the shouts of the converted. Then, in a primary and pre-eminent sense, the library room of a preacher is a studio. Here are his chisels, brushes, mallets, &c. If, therefore, a piece of work is sent out from one of these shops, let it be directed from that place and not another. And let it be called by its right name, *studio*. But allowing that this is not the primary use of the word, custom has sanctioned its use in this sense, especially in conversation. With this evidence before the public, of the correctness of the use we have made of the word studio, we ask, Where is the "offensive mistake" which is supposed to have seen the light through the columns of the Advocate? And those "little imperfections" that you, Mr. Editor, would have another "deal kindly with," for your sake (not ours), where are they? Let those in high places take care how they make sport of an old diviner, or attack a "clerical pedant," falsely so called.

S. W. CORZ.

Studio, Fayette, Mo., March 1858.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

MR. EDITOR: As the subject of class meeting has been of late introduced into the columns of our paper by our worthy brother and fellow-laborer of the Glasgow station, whose article has been respectfully but plainly objected to by two sensible writers in your last issue, you will please allow me also to "show my opinion." I am glad that Bro. Berryman loves class meetings, and that his estimate of their value to the Church is not at all abated after a trial of thirty-five years: have I any doubt of Brother Berryman's attachment to all that is strictly Methodist—ready to make any personal sacrifice for its promotion; but the best of men, though actuated by the purest motives and purposes, may err, so far as regards means and the adaptation of means to the end proposed. I object to the article in question because it proposes a serious change in one of the long established and well tried rules of Methodism from the beginning—a rule which has been tested not only thirty-five but for more than one hundred and five years, and approved in its present form by our principal and best ministers on both sides of the water, together with a great cloud of witnesses, in whose number are included the rich and poor, the refined and the vulgar, all agreeing in favor of this rule, as they have found it beneficial from their own personal experience. We do not object merely because the rule is ancient, but because of its utility, so long and so extensively demonstrated. To make this material change would be to give up a well tried rule, long honored of God, honored by thousands of holy, devoted, and extensively useful ministers, and by thousands of the best members of the Church, for a new experiment. I confess that I fear I cannot go for the change. With all due respect for Bro. Berryman, I verily believe the effect of his proposition would be to give this distinguishing feature of Methodism the go-by. My judgment would be to let well enough alone, and let us go to work (as Bro. B. says) to mend the administration of this and other excellent rules of our code. Let bishops, presiding elders, preachers in charge and helpers, all speak the same language; let all give their unqualified support to the rule as it is. Let them enforce it mildly but firmly, in accordance with their ordination vows, and very soon it will be demonstrated that it is not the law but the administration of it that needs to be changed.

If you and your numerous readers will bear with me, I would like to express my views further on this important subject. More anon.

Yours truly,

Clarksville, March 24, 1858.

A. MONROE.

Sanctified disappointments lead to amendment: we inquire what is God's will, and are ready to do it.

Bears and Bear-Hunting.

From pages 113-115 of Atkinson's *Oriental and Western Siberia* we give the following extract:

Not far from this summit, in one of the valleys of the Tagnai, a singular incident happened to an old woman. Her cow had strayed, and was no where to be found in her usual pastures. This gave the good dame considerable anxiety. At last she determined to search for her in the higher valleys. Leaving her cottage early one morning, she rambled on for several hours, and at length found herself far up on the Tagnai without coming upon any traces of the fugitive. This was very disheartening; still she would not give up the search. The valley she had entered upon was thickly wooded with pines in many parts; in others there were fine open glades, and clumps of bushes and shrubs, and among these she wended her way from one little plot of grass to another. At last she spied the well-known dark brown hide through some bushes. The old woman thought of the many hours she had been searching for the truant, and, stealing softly on, determined to give her sufficient chastisement. When within reach of her birchen staff, the blows fell fast. Up sprang the animal and turned sharp round, when, to the dame's horror, she saw a large brown bear. The two stood staring at each other, apparently with equal astonishment and apprehension, when Bruin, seized with a sudden panic, turned tail and bolted.

Near the scene of this heroine's adventure, two children, one four and the other six years old, rambled away from their friends, who were hawking. They had gone from one thicket to another gathering fruit, laughing and enjoying the fun. At last they came near a bear lying on the grass, and without the slightest apprehension went up to him. He looked at them steadily without moving; at length they began playing with him, and mounted his back, which he submitted to with perfect good humor. In short, both seemed inclined to be pleased with each other; indeed, the children were delighted with their new play-fellow. The parents, missing the truant, became alarmed, and followed on their track. They were not long in searching out the spot, when, to their dismay, they beheld one child sitting on the bear's back, and the other feeding him with fruit. They called quickly, when the youngsters ran to their friends, and Bruin, apparently not liking the interruption, went away into the forest.

I shall frequently have occasion to speak of Cossack and Kalmuck hunters, also of the daring of the Siberian peasant in his combats with the bear, but shall now introduce to my readers one of my acquaintance of the softer sex, who was not surpassed in courage and daring by either Kalmuck or Cossack. In one of my rambles after leaving Pavludsk, which led me to the east of Verkhoturia and as far as the river Tarda, I came upon a party of peasants in the forest cutting wood, and among them were several women. It was here that I first made the acquaintance of Anna Petrovna, the bear-hunter. Her fame has spread far from the scenes of her conflicts with Bruin, who has not in the wide range of Siberia a more intrepid or dangerous enemy. At this time she was about thirty-two years of age, neither tall nor stout, but her step was firm, and she was strong and active. Her countenance was soft and pleasing; indeed, there was nothing in her appearance that indicated her extraordinary intrepidity. It is true she came of a good stock, her father and brothers being famous hunters. I was informed that very early in life she had displayed a love for the chase; and having been taught how to use the rifle, many wolves and other animals had fallen by her hand. Each time that bear-skins were brought home by the different members of her family, her desire increased to add one to her other spoils. Without breathing a word to any one, and with this object in view, she set out on a sporting ramble, the conversations of her family having afforded sufficient intimation of the course she ought to take.

One day a large black bear had been seen by one of her brothers when ranging through the forest with his pea-rifle in quest of smaller game. This was spoken of in her presence, and the plan of a campaign arranged, to be carried into effect in a day or two. The next morning, long before any member of the household had left their beds, she had put on her hunting-gear, saddled a horse, slung her rifle over her shoulder, and rode away. Anna was so erratic in her movements that her absence caused no uneasiness, and before day dawned she was many versts from the cottage. Early in the morning she reached the forest and secured her horse, so that he might feed while she penetrated the thick and tangled wood before her.

There was a heavy dew on the grass in the open glades, and she observed that Bruin was taking his morning ramble, his track being quite fresh. Looking to the priming of her rifle, and adding powder from her flask, she went on with a firm step. The bear had made many turnings on his march, but she followed him with all the sagacity of a blood-hound, and never once lost his trail. Hour after hour passed, however, and she had not caught a glimpse of him. As it threatened to be a long chase, Anna had recourse to her little bag, sat down by a small stream and made her breakfast on a piece of rye bread, washed down with a draught from the pure liquid flowing at her feet. Having ended her frugal meal, she shouldered her rifle and again pushed on. She had another long and fruitless walk. Satisfied, however, that she was on his track, she pursued it till she arrived at a bed of high plants, that indicated the giant fennel, of the flowers of which the bears are very fond. While proceeding along the edge of this bed, a fresh indication, well known to hunters, assured her that the long sought-for game was at hand. As she was creeping cautiously forward, out rushed the bear, with a loud growl, about twenty yards in front. Quickly she threw forward the prongs of her rifle, dropped on one knee and got a good sight, the animal staring at her almost motionless. She now touched the trigger, there followed a flash, a savage growl succeeded, then a struggle for a minute or two, and her wish was accomplished—the bear lay dead.

After taking off his skin, she started in search of her horse, which she found at no great distance, for she had been brought nearly to the spot where she commenced the chase. She was shortly on her way home, and astonished her family on her entrance to the cottage, by throwing the skin on the floor. Since this time Anna Petrovna has engaged with and killed sixteen bears.

Among the rare and curious books and manuscripts recently sold by auction in London, was a copy of "Cicero de Senectute et Amicitia," printed by William Caxton, in 1481, which produced the enormous price of \$1,335. The London papers report that this was "a remarkable fine copy of a most rare volume."

"Dick, how is it you are always possessor of such a store of fun? Where do you get it?" "I manufacture it. I can make it out of nothing. For instance I could make fun of you, but for friendship's sake."